VVhose wisdome hath her Fortune conquered,
There shall we consummate our spousall rites.

Exeunt Omnes.

Titus. I am not bid to wait vpon this bride,
Titus when wert thou wont to walke alone,
Dishonoured thus and challenged of wrongs.

Enter Marcus and Titus sonnes.

Marcus. O *Titus* see: O see what thou hast done
In a bad quarrell slaine a vertuous sonne.

Titus. No foolish Tribune, no: No sonne of mine,
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deede,
That hath dishonoured all our Familie,
Vnworthy brother, and vnworthy sonnes.

Lucius. But let vs giue him buriall as becomes,
Giue *Mucius* burial with our bretheren.

Titus. Traitors away, he rests not in this toombe:
This monument fiue hundreth yeares hath stood,
VVhich I haue sumptuously reedified:
Here none but souldiers and Romes seruitors
Repose in fame: None basely slaine in braules,
Burie him where you can he comes not here.

Marcus. My Lord this is impietie in you,
My Nephew *Mutius* deedes doo plead for him,
He must be buried with his brethren.

Titus two sonnes speakes.

And shall or him we will accompanie.

Titus. And shall, what villaine was it spake that word?

Titus sonne speakes.

He that would vouchit in any place but here.

Titus. VVhat would you burie him in my despight?

Marcus. No Noble *Titus*, but intreat of thee.
To pardon *Mutius* and to bury him.

Titus. *Marcus*: Euen thou hast stroke vpon my Crest,
And with these boyes mine honour thou hast wounded,
My foes I doe repute you euerie one,

So

So trouble me no more, but get you go
3. Sonne. He is not with himselfe, le
2. Sonne. Not I till *Mutius* bones b
The brother and the sonnes kn
Marcus. Brother, for in that name d
2. sonne. Father, and in that name do
Titus. Speake thou no more, if all th
Marcus. Renowmed *Titus*, more tha
Lucius. Deare father, soule and subst
Marcus Suffer thy brother *Marcus*
His Noble Nephew here in vertues ne
That died in honour and *Lauinias* cause
Thou art a Romane, be not barbarous:
The Greeks vpon aduise did burie *Ay*
That slew himselfe: and wise *Laertes* so
Did gratiously plead for his Funeralls:
Let not young *Mutius* then that was th
Be bard his entrance here.
Titus. Rise *Marcus*, rise,
The dismalst day is this that ere I saw,
To be dishonoured by my sonnes in R
Well burie him, and burie me the next.
they put him in the tombe
Lucius. There lie thy bones sweete
Till wee with Trophees doo adorne th
they all kneele and say,
No man shed teares for Noble *Mutius*
He liues in fame, that dide in vertues ca
Exit all but Marcus
Marcus. My Lord to step out of
How comes it that the subtile Queene
Is of a sodaine thus aduaunc'd in Rom
Titus. I know not *Marcus*, but I kn
(VVhether by deuise or no, the heauen
Is shee not then beholding to the man,